



# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, April 25, 1876.

Samuel J. Tilden.

This Democratic Statesman is looming up to the most prominent candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination at St. Louis. A voluminous biography of Mr. Tilden appeared in the *Courier-Journal* of Tuesday last, showing his life from boyhood to the present time, through all its stages as a student, writer, lawyer, and politician, in each of which he appears in the most favorable light. He is now in the highest prime of manhood and intellect, being only a little beyond sixty years of age. He has amassed a large fortune by hard and honest toil, and enjoys it in an unostentatious manner.

He is thoroughly honest and reliable in all things, a man of culture and refinement, and should be chosen our Chief Executive, would honor the Nation. A large number of the Democratic members of Congress from eight or ten of the States met in private council the other night and declared Mr. Tilden to be their first choice for the Democratic nomination. As journalist, lawyer, legislator, governor, and the foe of rings, thieves, and abuses in the government, he has stood firm and unfaltering, and the people who know him best love and honor him most. No where in all the Republican field can his equal be found. His very name is a tower of strength, and we would not be surprised to see him nominated on the Democratic ticket for the highest office in the country.

LATEST NEWS.—Bristol has received very favorable endorsement in the New England States. It is said that he will get two-thirds of the district delegates in Massachusetts, all of Vermont, Connecticut and Rhode Island, and will divide New Hampshire with Blaine....The election Committee have decided to report in favor of Spencer over Morey, the sitting member, for the contested seat in Congress....Troops will occupy Hot Springs, if any resistance is offered by the claimants of the property against the Government....McKee, of the St. Louis Democrat, some time since convicted of connection with the whisky frauds, has been refused a new trial, and was, on yesterday, sentenced to two years confinement in the Penitentiary, and to pay a fine of \$10,000—a stay of proceedings was granted till Grant could be heard from, and McKee placed in \$25,000 bonds additional....The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered that the payment of the May interest commence at once and continue without rebate. It amounts to ten millions....A torpedo factory at New York, exploded yesterday, killing two girls, and severely wounding ten or twelve others....It has been discovered that Kilbourn and Latta, were the real estate agents of the Freedmen's bank....Woman suffrage has been defeated in the British House of Commons....Dan Vorhees, an ex-member of Congress, and Blackburn, one of Kentucky's representatives, had a little spasm in the cloak room of the House on Wednesday. It was concerning the *habeas corpus* law, and it grew so hot that blows would have been exchanged had not friends interfered.

EX-GOVERNOR ARCHIBALD DIXON, of Henderson, Ky., died at his home there last Monday night, after a long sickness, aged 75 years. He had lived in that place 70 years. He succeeded Henry Clay in the U. S. Senate in 1850, and for a period of over thirty years was prominent in the politics of Kentucky. An ardent Whig, he always took a lively interest for his party, of which Mr. Clay was the acknowledged head. Clay, Crittenden and Dixon were the three leaders of that old party in the State. Mr. Dixon was, if we are correctly informed, born in North Carolina, and moved with his father to Henderson in 1805. He was a fluent and eloquent speaker, and was said by those who have heard him, to be a formidable debator in the Senate. Although past the allotted time of life, his death will be mourned all over the Commonwealth.

A CASE of barbarism is reported from North Carolina. At Trenton a number of paupers had accumulated during the Winter, in the Poor House, and to get rid of them, the county overseer put them up at public auction to the highest bidder. They were mostly knocked out to negroes, many cases white women becoming their property. One old white man, entirely blind, was knocked out to a negro, who intends putting him out in his cornfield to earn his living. If these were negroes now, would it not be a fine theme for the Radical papers of the North to harp upon?

BELKNAP.—This trickster, through his counsel, filed a demurser to the articles of impeachment against him, and last Tuesday, the managers of the affair filed a rejoinder thereto, to the effect that the demurser is insufficient, and the House concurred in the rejoinder, and pray for his impeachment as in their original bill. It was then ordered to be filed with the Senate for their action. The case is now, therefore, fairly before the Senate, and will be disposed of by that body, in a short time.

DOM PEDRO is determined that no demonstrations shall worry him. By having his coach hooked on to an extra engine forty miles this side of San Francisco, he reached that city and was already in his room at the Palace Hotel, half an hour before the arrival of the regular train. The large crowd that had assembled to see a live Emperor, had to retire without being gratified.

The following announcement appears among the "personals" of the day:

"Nellie Grant Sartoris will pass the season in London and be presented at Court."

There seems to be a growing probability that her father will be "presented at Court," also; but we hope it will not be quite so bad as that.—[N. Y. Sun.]

THE REV. L. D. PARKER, a Presiding Elder of the Methodist Church, is a gay and festive cur. We learn from the *Cincinnati Commercial*, that he has just eloped with a Miss Swetnam, of Louisa, Ky., after borrowing some three hundred dollars from the citizens of that town. Parker has a wife and daughter at Somerset, Kentucky.

We are indeed sorry to learn of the suspension of the *Louisville Evening Ledger*. It has been conducted by Mr. Ballard Smith for the last year, in a most masterly manner. We shall sadly miss its spicy and interesting contents, and sincerely trust that the embarrassment is only temporary, and that it will speedily resume publication.

It is said that the fast mail trains are to be cut off. We presume that this is caused by the great expense which has attended the running of them. There will be no great loss to any one on account of it. We live too fast any how, and if we were to go slower, perhaps we might live longer.

THE Milwaukee whisky ring, having determined to take revenge upon Secretary Bristow, on account of his efforts to punish them for evil deeds, has hatched up charges against him, which are to be investigated. Mr. Bristow demands a thorough investigation, which will be given.

MR. E. L. SHACKELFORD, for a number of years Cashier of the Northern Bank of Kentucky, at Richmond, and subsequently Cashier of the National Bank of Danville, died last Friday, after a long illness. His remains were carried to Richmond for interment.

HON. HARRISON COCKERELL, a former member of the Kentucky Legislature, accidentally shot himself last Sunday, at his house, in Irvine, Estill county. He died in a few hours from the effect of the wound. His life was insured to the amount of \$25,000.

PEOP. TICE prophesies that May will be a cloudy month. "From the 3d to the 4th, 8th to the 11th, 14th to the 17th, 21st to the 23d, and 25th to the 29th, will be at times clear, with heavy weather predominating both East and West." Ain't the girls sorry?

THE Supreme Court of the United States, has reaffirmed the judgment of the Court of Claims, which is, that the Hot Springs is the property of the Government, and that the claims advanced by the claimants are untenable.

BLAINE has made a speech in Congress, denying that the Union Pacific Railroad Company paid him \$64,000 for worthless bonds. To use a vulgarism, the point made in his denial are "mighty thin."

BARNEY WILLIAMS, one of the best comedians who ever appeared upon the stage, died last Monday, of paralysis of the brain. His wife, who acted with him in many plays, survives him.

WASHINGTON County instructed their delegates to cast nine votes for Breckinridge and one for Thompson.

LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS.

HUSTONVILLE.

SCARLETINA, while it still prevails, has not assumed a very malignant form. Thus far, two cases have terminated fatally—the first, Manie, a little daughter of G. F. Peacock, on Thursday night—the other, a little girl, daughter of John Ellis, of Sunbury.

BIDDING for the cont acts, and also for ballasting on the Railroad, is pretty lively now. All parties seem to be in serious, active earnest, and we expect soon to see marked results. By the way, the C. S. is likely to butt against another suit for damages, which will come before the Federal Court. At the South end of the K. M. Tunnel, the cuttings intersected with the waters of Fishing Creek, a tributary of the Cumberland, which now traverses the citizens of Hustonville and vicinity, on the 28th inst., on the subject of Temperance. Mr. B. is an earnest and able advocate of Temperance, and he is certainly a gifted speaker. All who favor the Temperance cause, and feel an interest in its promotion, should avail themselves of hearing him speak. One who has made himself master of the subject, and is so highly favored with a tact for speaking, will certainly interest all who honor him with their presence.

GEO. W. BAIN, G. W. O. T. of the I. O. G. T., in Kentucky, will address the citizens of Hustonville and vicinity, on the 28th inst., on the subject of Temperance. Mr. B. is an earnest and able advocate of Temperance, and he is certainly a gifted speaker. All who favor the Temperance cause, and feel an interest in its promotion, should avail themselves of hearing him speak. One who has made himself master of the subject, and is so highly favored with a tact for speaking, will certainly interest all who honor him with their presence.

A LITTLE daughter of William Morris, was severely bitten by a dog belonging to

one of his neighbors, a few days ago. It seems she was wont to go to this neighbor, frequently, and had hitherto gone unmolested, though her last visit, unlike the rest, proved a well-nigh fatal one to her. Upon entering the yard, she was seized by one of the canine family and horribly bitten. Her recovery is, by some, thought to be doubtful. Dogs are, as a general thing, a perfect nuisance.

THERE has been for some time an intensified revival meeting amongst the colored population, at the Church near Buck Craig's. The effect is very wonderful, especially in the way of lungs and muscle. The whole thing is best described as religious agitations. A few sentences from the speaker bring one or more of the brethren to their feet, who announce that they are "about to be happy." The Baptist's confession is re-enacted. Some try to hold the Calvinistic nigger—some proclaim his right "to be an angel"—all shout and wrestle, and sing, and perspire until exhausted nature throws up the sponge. A few evenings since, Clark Alcorn, who stands about six feet six, and is a sort of Hercules of muscular development, became spiritualized—a rush was made to reach and restrain the new-born giant. But Clark was wide awake. His ponderous arm was raised and as it fell, a doubled up darkey went down beneath it. Again and again, was this repeated, until six consecutive niggers bit the du-doo; and then the congregation retired without waiting for the benediction.

J. M. COOK, has just handed me a number of the *Ulster County Gazette*.

of date of January 4th, 1800. The paper is the property of Mrs. Helen Hoffman. It bears upon its face the marks of age, but is in a fine state of preservation. The type is of the character with which we have become familiar in old English books—the upper strong and smooth, and, to the touch, very much like Chinese paper. It presents four pages of 10x15 inches, four columns to the page. The first page contains an account of the opening of Congress, Dec. 10th, 1799—the replies of the two Houses to the "address" of the President—the latest news from London, up to Oct. 18th, &c. The fifth page is filled with ordinary advertisements—one and one-fourth column being occupied by the Sheriff with ten sales under execution. The inside of the paper bears the broad, black lines of mourning, and contains an account of the various ceremonies attending the funeral of George Washington. Among these appears a large "boy, a young lady" which displays more skill than knowledge; more resolution than skill; more grief than grammar—at least it is very poor poetry—would give you a verse or two, but don't know where to select. Our festivity ignores the creditability of this wise. (I transcribe with the request that you hand it over to Ceph Campbell as a model.)

"He has received near every kind That you in any store can find. And as I purchase by the Bale, I am determined to retain Ready PAY a Little lower Than any one here has before lived. I will buy low here and live, But for credit shall not give. I would not live to rouse your passions, For credit here is out of fashion. My friends and buyers one and all, Will pay you well to give a call. You always may find me by my sign, A few rods from the house divine."

Another, ignorant of the great moral light so soon to be shed over this benighted Continent, in the Sainly Orient, unblushing advertisements for sale "One half of a Saw Mill—and also A stout, healthy, active, NEGRO WOMEN!!" Shades of the Pillgrims! Did not your canonized bairns rattle with horror and indignation then?

FALSTAFF.

North Side.

Our sick are all improving.

We hear of no trade.

We have had but one death from Scarlet fever, that of the little daughter of W. F. McClary, spoken of in our letter of last week, who died on the 19th inst. We have no new cases this week. It is to be hoped that it will soon depart from our midst.

It is to be hoped that we will have some more.

OUR farmers are now in the midst of corn planting.

YOUR types last week, made us say Mr. G. Withers, when it should have been W. L. Withers.

We had the pleasure of a ride from your town one day last week, behind that beautiful dun horse of Mr. W. E. Bradley, of Lancaster. He is an excellent mover, a model harness horse, and cost Mr. Bradley, over \$300. By the way, we would have a ride with Mr. Alex. Robinson, who is one of the cleverest gentlemen and neatest farmers on the North side, or any where else. ROVER.

CASEY COUNTY NEWS.

Frye's Creek.

SCARLET FEVER is raging at Hustonville. Our citizens entertain considerable fear of its spreading.

SOME of our farmers are busily engaged planting corn; others preparing to plant.

MARRIED.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Frye's Creek, in this county, on the 16th inst., by Rev. H. M. Burk, Samuel Pittman to Miss Mary L. Turner. No cards.

GEO. F. T. ELLIS, acting as Dep. U. S. Marshals are arguing illicit distillers at this time. They passed through this vicinity a few days since with Henry Patterson, an old veteran. A better subject for the poor-house than U. S. Prison.

We designed to give you many readers, in this letter, the particulars of the "Moore case," though we presume this uncessancy, as you have, through the *Leavenworth Standard*, learned the particulars. Suffice it to say Moore was not, at last account, apprehended.

THE Grangers of Middleburg, had a most excellent repast on the 21st inst. The object of the dinner we do not know. There is one thing we do know, they are famous for their good cooking.

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It seems that stream navigable two weeks in the year, and will be a vast saving to the Government in the items of pumps and coffer dams—that the breaking of the dam on Green River, will be strictly in accordance with, and furtherance of the provisions of the late luminous legislation on the propagation and preservation of food fishes—and will probably pray for compensation.

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# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, April 26, 1876.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

Pure white Lead at Anderson & McRoberts'.

Fox City style go to Miss Lucy Butterfield.

Call and see our stock of jewelry. Anderson & McRoberts'.

ANDERSON & MCROBERTS are selling out their Stock of Lamps at cost.

For style, fashion, and elegant goods, call on Miss Lucy Butterfield.

A fine lot of Bonanza Breastpins for sale at Anderson & McRoberts'.

Three beautiful Ecru Hats are trimmed by Miss Lucy Butterfield, at John H. Craig's.

A large supply of needles for all Machines just received at Anderson & McRoberts'.

Miss LUCY BUTTERFIELD, at John H. Craig's, has every shape and style of Hats made.

The latest novelties from the city received daily by Miss Lucy Butterfield, at John H. Craig's.

If you want to see a perfect sea of roses and flowers, call on Miss Lucy Butterfield, at John H. Craig's.

APPLE BRANDY, made by Billy Gooch, straight, warranted not to "cut in the eye," at Anderson & McRoberts'.

The finest make, and the largest lot of Toilet Soaps to be found in town are for sale at Anderson & McRoberts'.

Miss LUCY BUTTERFIELD, at John H. Craig's, has a crowd, a perfect rush, buying those beautiful hats and bonnets.

ANDERSON & MCROBERTS have just received a large lot of Paints and Oils. Now is the time to beautify your homes.

New lamp chimes of La Basile Glash, may be heated red hot, and will not break, for sale by Anderson & McRoberts.

Miss LUCY BUTTERFIELD, at John H. Craig's, has a sister in the most fashionable establishment in the city of Louisville, who sends her the novelties as they come out.

THE PEOPLE WANT PROGRESS—There is no medicine prescribed by physicians, or sold by Druggists, that carries such evidence of its success and superior virtue as BOSCHER'S GERMAN SYRUP for severe Coughs. Collected on the Breast, Consumption, any disease of the Throat and Lungs, and particularly the fact that any person afflicted, can get a sample Bottle for 10 cents and try its salutary effect before buying the regular size at 75 cents. It has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and its wonderful cures are astonishing every one that uses it. Three doses will relieve any case. Try it. Sold by Bohon & Stagg.

## LOCAL NEWS.

CALL at Squire Carson's and see your Uncle.

OWSLEY & HOPPER have 100 Barrels of Salt, which they will sell at the lowest figures for cash.

A LITTLE son of James Daugherty, living in the West End, died of Scarlet fever, Monday evening last.

G. W. BAIN, the great Temperance Lecturer, will deliver an address at the Court-House here, on Saturday night.

We are requested to announce that the Rev. Mr. Barnes, of Hustonville, will preach at Mt. Salem next Sunday at 3 p. m.

HAYDEN BROTHERS say that their trade has never been finer than at present, and the crowds in their spacious store confirms the fact.

HAYDEN BROTHERS keep their Stock of Furniture complete and full, at all times, as they order continually from the manufacturers.

The hour of the arrival of the morning train is again changed. It will henceforth arrive at 7:50 A. M. Mail for this office will close at 7:20.

The West End correspondent says he is generally opposed to reporting "births," but will announce one soon—unless something else turns up.

The reason for the nakedness and rags of so large a portion of our population may be found in the stringency of the law against concealed weapons.

J. B. OWENS informs the public that he has a thoroughbred Boar, which he has licensed, and will permit him to serve Sons of five dollars each, cash in advance.

CLINT JENKINS requests us to say to the Mt. Salem correspondent, that he expects to go to church again—and if the Millenium comes just for that, he can't help it.

HAVING sold my stock of Undertaking to Mr. J. H. Stagg—my business must be closed up. All parties indebted, are requested to call and settle at once.

E. A. TERRINE.

DIED—A little child of Mrs. Herter, of this place, died on Monday with brain fever, and it is said that its suffering was so intense that its little skull burst before its death.

A PROTRACTED meeting will commence at the Presbyterian Church to-night—preaching by the Rev. G. H. Rout—Communion services will be held on the 1st Sunday in May.

The awning placed over the stores of Warren & McAlister, and Anderson & McRoberts, is both useful and ornamental, and we wonder why more of our merchants do not follow the example.

DURING the past two weeks Court has been in session, and the town crowded with people almost every day. Many of them come from other counties to lay in their Spring and Summer goods at the store of Hayden Brothers.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Hayden Brothers got on hands only few weeks since a very large lot of goods of all kinds, they inform us that their sales have been so extensive they have been compelled to order another large and varied stock, which they have received this week.

The Convention to nominate a candidate for the Common Pleas Court met, according to announcement, at Danville on Wednesday. All the candidates withdrew, and Gen. R. J. Breckinridge was unanimously made the nominee. The Convention was a large and most harmonious one.

MR. SHANKS SPOONMORE has Six Hundred Red Cedar Post-and-Railing Posts, three miles from Stanford, one-fourth mile from the Crab Orchard Pike. He will sell them at Fifty-Cents a piece in the woods, also Paling Posts, which he'll sell for Thirty-Cents in the woods.

There being such a strong probability of the summary punishment of Smith, the murderer of Judge Carson, he was ordered by Judge Owsey, to be taken to the Lexington Jail to await his trial—Sheriff Withers, with Capt. Shanks and Woods Little, as guards, started with him to that place, Wednesday night last.

SOME of our city papers make a great ado about finding a live snake in a sewer within the city limits. That is nothing to make a wonder over, Mills Hughes, a colored man of our town, said he saw a black snake last December, crawl out of a hollow log, and run over the snow for fifty yards, and then run into a sink hole.

A fine lot of Bonanza Breastpins for sale at Anderson & McRoberts'.

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If you want to see a perfect sea of roses and flowers, call on Miss Lucy Butterfield, at John H. Craig's.

GREENSBORO, Boss Cigar, at 5 cents spiece, \$5 per hundred.

Our arrangement with the Bruce House Bakery enables us to furnish families fresh rolls, rolls, and bread upon orders left at noon. No charge for delivery.

Green Smith, on a charge of malicious wounding, was fined \$75 and costs.

John W. Young, for unlawful shooting—a judgment for \$25 was entered.

John Welsh, for keeping a disorderly house, judgment for \$25.

Alfred Russell, for selling liquor to minors, was fined \$50.

S. P. Wells, for trespass, \$10.

Tuck Blackard, charged with giving liquor to minors, Jury failed to agree on a verdict and were discharged.

S. H. Shanks, for bribery in election, and J. A. Harris, on a like charge, were acquitted.

Owing to the illness of Ju-Ju Owsey, the Court was presided over Monday, by Hon. F. T. Fox. He was promptly in his seat on the following day, and is now in excellent health.

The Court will adjourn about noon tomorrow, to enable the Judge and Commonwealth's Attorney to arrive at Monticello in time to open Court on Monday next.

Mr. Hardin is a fluent and engaging speaker, and the large crowd that listened with such marked attention to his address, showed that he will meet with warm support in his coming race.

MR. R. C. TAYLOR, Inspector of Iron Bridges on the C. S. R. R., was in town this week, on his return from the inspection of the Bridge across the South Fork of Green River. He accepted the work and pronounced it a very excellent structure. It was built by the Louisville Bridge Co., who are the first to finish their contract for Bridges in the State.

OUR young friend, Al. Merriman, it will be seen by an advertisement in another column, has gone largely into the Plant business. At a considerable expense he has prepared a number of beds, and will, in a short time, be able to furnish almost any variety of plants on the smallest probable cost. We trust that he will be liberally rewarded by all of our citizens.

THE STANFORD SORCERADING CLUB, accompanied by Mr. J. D. McNeil, of Lebanon Junction, was on its rounds last Monday night, and many a slender was sweetened by the sweet cadence of their excellent music. But Bridgewater has suffered—had suffered terribly for his crimes, and people, who a year ago, would have joined a mob to lynch him, now look upon him in his emaciated and pitiful condition, with sympathy, and we have no doubt that with this change of sentiment, such a petition will be started.

SIXTY-two indictments were returned by the Grand Jury, mostly for misdemeanors.

THE TRIAL OF WM. GRIM, charged with the murder of Jos. Ferrell, at Millidgeville, some time since, has occupied the Court for the last three days. A great deal of testimony against the accused was elicited, and we understand that some tall swearing has been indulged in. The defense was ably represented by Messrs. Hill and Alcorn, and Saufley and Warren, and most masterfully prosecuted by Commonwealth Attorney Denny, assisted by Col. Bredebridge. At half past six o'clock, last evening, the case was given to the Jury who, after retirement, reported that it was half likely that they would finally agree, and at half past seven, they were dismissed by the Judge to appear again this morning. Grim was detained in Jail last night.

JURY in the case of Robt. McAlister did not hang, as reported last week, but found Mr. McAlister guilty of the charge, and fined him \$25, and ordered him to be imprisoned 10 days in jail. He took an appeal.

Several inaccuracies, we regret to state, were made in our Court report last week. They were made by trusting alone to a reporter, who got "things mixed."

AN EXCITING SCENE—On last Wednesday morning, a very exciting scene occurred at the Court House. The man, John Smith, who killed Judge Carson, was brought out to the Court-House and, placing it almost against the breast of Smith, attempted to fire, but the pistol snapped. The other three sons were present with him, but by the courage of the guard, they were all four caught and disarmed, and Smith's life saved, so far. The two young men mostly engaged in the affair, were taken before the Judge, who, at first, ordered them to give bond in \$300 each, to keep the peace, but on reflection, concluded to take their word of honor to do no further violence to the prisoner, and they were thus set at liberty. The sympathy of the entire community is with these young men, and we heard numbers regret that young Carson did not succeed in avenging the death of his aged father.

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A BLOODY MURDER—JUDGE CARSON ASSASSINATED—Crab Orchard was the scene, on Sunday last, of a most foul murder. Judge E. C. Carson, a useful and respected citizen of that place, aged 72 years, while on his way to church, was shot and instantly killed, within a few steps of the church door, by a man named John Q. Smith, also a resident of Crab Orchard. Without any warning, and from the rear, Smith commenced shooting at Carson, and after firing three shots, any one of which, would have fatal result, a Mr. Foley, caught Smith and endeavored to prevent him shooting again, but Smith, who is a very strong man, shook him off, and it might have well been me, as any one else." He is a man about 50 years old, a carpenter, and this reason, and the fact of the bloody deed, is supposed, by many, to be crazy. It is said that he has cherished an ill-feeling against the Judge, ever since he was born. His wife, who is his fifth wife, after the death of his grandfather, who first owned it, He is now living with his fifth wife, although less than 50 years old. He is young looking yet, and would, no doubt, go in for a sixth wife should he be so unfortunate as to again become a widower.

MR. A. M. FELAND, who spent an hour with us one evening this week, informs us that he is living on a farm that belonged to the Presbyterians Church to-night—preaching by the Rev. G. H. Rout—Communion services will be held on the 1st Sunday in May.

THE awning placed over the stores of Warren & McAlister, and Anderson & McRoberts, is both useful and ornamental, and we wonder why more of our merchants do not follow the example.

DURING the past two weeks Court has been in session, and the town crowded with people almost every day. Many of them come from other counties to lay in their Spring and Summer goods at the store of Hayden Brothers.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Hayden Brothers got on hands only few weeks since a very large lot of goods of all kinds, they inform us that their sales have been so extensive they have been compelled to order another large and varied stock, which they have received this week.

The Convention to nominate a candidate for the Common Pleas Court met, according to announcement, at Danville on Wednesday. All the candidates withdrew, and Gen. R. J. Breckinridge was unanimously made the nominee. The Convention was a large and most harmonious one.

SEVERAL distinguished strangers have been in town this week, and several farmers with their families, from Ohio, passed through in wagons going to Pulaski county where, we learn, they have bought lands and will locate. This is, verily, a "move in the right direction." Instead of going West to live in a chilly, billious atmosphere, and finally be out of house and home by grasshoppers and chin-chins, they will live in a pure air, where wood, water, soil and minerals, abound. Let more of our Ohio neighbors do likewise.

Circuit Court.

This Court has been in session since our last report, and a great number of Commonwealth cases have been disposed of among them are the following:

Thos. Shelton, was fined \$50 for keeping a tipping house.

Green Baumgard, for assault and battery, was fined \$45.

George Portman, for carrying concealed weapons, was fined \$25 and imprisoned ten days in jail.

In a second case against Thos. Shelton, he was fined \$20 entered against him.

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**BEST**  
BY FATHER EVAN.

My son are wanted, and we have no time—  
My soul approves—  
And with a smile I long desired  
Beds-only rest.

'Tis hard to tell—when tell is almost vain  
In barren way;  
'Tis hard to see, and never never gains  
In harvest-days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear—  
But God knows best.  
And I have provided—  
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in Spring, and never reap  
The Autumn yield.  
'Tis hard to live—and when die, to sleep  
Over fruitless field.

And so I lay a week and month ere,  
So heart opens—  
And so I lay a week and month again—  
For rest—rest.

My way has been across the desert years,  
And always rest.  
My path, and the b-sing of hot tears—  
I grieve for rest.

'Twas always so, when still a child, I laid  
On mother's breast.  
My worried little head; even then I prayed,  
As now, for rest.

And I am restless still: 'Twill soon be o'er;  
For, down the West,  
I have no setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest.

**German Millet.**  
turning to her side after a momentary absence, she was detected in swallowing another poisonous draught.

The arrival of her mother and physicians, she was unconscious, and beyond the power of speech. The utmost efforts were made to save her life, and though pronounced hopeless by physicians, the mother's hope and trust permitted no relaxation of effort. After eighteen hours' lingering between life and death, she rallied. She lived, but was very feeble, and blamed her friends for saving a "worthless life." From the facts gathered, it seems that she was deluded by a mock marriage with a villainous scoundrel, who, through her imprudence in making his acquaintance, gained a potent, magnetic influence over her, under which she became so infatuated that she fled from home and all its tender associations and placed herself in his diabolical power.

The train that bore her from a happy home, bright and joyous girl, four weeks later bore her a deserted wife. Her betrayer, when ready to desert her, with the audacity and heartlessness of a demon, told her of his deception—that he had a wife and family. To fill the measure of his villainy, and to overflow her already full cup of misery, he tore from her, her jewels, all her valuables, and left her penniless, "a stranger in a strange land," to find her way as best she could to home and friends.

Wholly overcome with grief and shame, she resolved to end her wretched life, but by that uncontrollable instinct so natural to humanity, she turned to among friends, and accordingly returned to the city of her happy home. Still she could not summon courage to meet the parents she had so cruelly deserted, and would in all probability have died, had not her friends so providentially found her and rescued her from death.

**Symptoms of Old Maidishness.**  
When a woman begins to drink tea without sugar—that's a symptom.

When a woman gives a sigh on hearing of a wedding—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say what dreadful creatures men are, and that she wouldn't be bothered with one for all the world—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to have a little dog trotting after her—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to have a cat at her elbow at meal times, and it sweetened milk—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to change her shoes every time she comes into the house after a walk—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say that a servant has no business having a sweetheart—that's a symptom.

When a woman rubs her fingers over the tables and chairs to see if they are dusty—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to go to bed with her stockings and a flannel nightcap on—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to put her fingers before her mouth when talking to any one, for fear that they should see her losing her teeth—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to complain about rheumatism in her knees and elbows—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to find fault with her looking-glass, and say it does not show her features right—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to talk about cold drafts, and stops up all the crevices of the doors and windows—that's a symptom.

#### A Second Mother.

I was four years when my second mother came into the family. We were put to bed in the truckle-bed (Charles and I and Harriet sleeping in the same room.) We went to bed about dusk. We were all expecting father was coming with our new mother. I had no distinct idea of a mother, as I was three when my own mother died, and had always been in the care of Aunt Esther. We all had the feeling that something very good indeed was coming when she was expected. That night we had been put to bed, and told that we should find our mother when we woke up in the next morning. Just as we were all in bed, our fancies ended, and we were all falling asleep, we heard a racket, and we all jumped up and called—

"Mother, mother, mother." A shadow came in, leaned over the bed, and kissed Charles and me. "Be good children, and I'll see you again tomorrow." The sweetness of that greeting, it was a wonderful joy; we had a mother. The name mother, had a meaning to me then. There was but the shadow of a form—no great definiteness, but it was the attitude and action of love, and the joy was as if a great blessing had come to me. [H. W. Beecher.]

#### Where Joy is Going After He Gets Out.

"When I leave this place I will seek some secluded spot; I long for a home on a seagirt isle, where beautiful sunshine and balmy winds are perpetual, and where I can pass away my life with my wife and children, among my books and flowers, shut out from the cruel and unjust world, and devoting myself to the noble pursuits of philosophy and poetic thought." Re-

**Pouring Tea.**  
This wonderful grass, hitherto almost unknown save in a very limited sphere, must by virtue of itself soon have wide-spread reputation. It will grow in almost any climate, one rain being sufficient to insure a crop; and its yield in hay or seed is larger, all things being equal, than that of any other known grass. It will grow from four to nine feet high; a blade, resembling that of young corn, comes out alternately about every five inches on the stalk; the stalks and heads are larger in proportion to the stand or thickness, but in no case are the stalks hard or stubborn; but when well matured, are soft, and will be readily eaten by all kinds of stock. When ripe, it will stand and wait the coming of the husbandman for more than two weeks, and not fall or waste. I know of more than twenty parties who grew it last season, and notwithstanding the many severe rain and wind storms, I do not know of a single field failing. The length of time it will stand after it is ripe, and the manner in which it resists the wind, are indeed wonderful. I had a field of this grass five feet high; alongside of it my neighbor had a field of corn; a severe storm laid the corn flat, but not a stalk of the millet fell. Another great advantage it has is that not a weed can grow amongst it; it literally smothers them out, and when the hay is harvested, it leaves the ground in a nice, light and clean condition. It grows on worn and thin fields better than any crop I know of, and will produce from one to two tons of hay per acre; rich land will nearly make four tons. No objection can be made to it as food for horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and all kinds of fowl. All eat it eagerly and thrive on its nutritious qualities. For horses and cattle it should be cut as straw.

#### A Miserable Man.

Next to a bull in china a shop, the most interesting object to contemplate is a man in a dry goods store waiting for his wife to get through with shopping. Seeing her balance gracefully on one of the revolving stools at the counter he essayed the same feat, and only saves himself from sprawling on the floor by clutching at what he calls the "sideboard." Then he follows her to the next department, steps twice on her best silk dress, and falls over a small cash boy, almost grinding him to powder; then he tries to look unconcerned while his wife smiles sweetly on a good looking clerk with his hair parted in the middle, but when she mildly suggests to him that he may take the elevator to the fourth story, and ask Miss Shawson, the dressmaker, which would look best on her new elephant's breath silk—vegetable ivory buttons or centennial buckhorn—then he starts for the door and makes good time getting home. And now he has had enough of shopping to satisfy him a lifetime, while his wife says she is thankful he knows what her trials are.

#### How She was Fooled.

A lady in this city, says the Marquette Journal, suspected that her husband was in the habit of kissing Katy, the cook, and resolved to detect him in the act. After watching for days he heard him pass quietly through into the kitchen. Now Katy was out that evening and the kitchen was dark. Burning with jealousy the wife took some matches in her hand and hastily placed her shawl over her head, as Katy sometimes did, entered the kitchen by the back door, and was almost immediately seized and embraced in the most ardent manner. With her heart almost bursting with rage and jealousy, the injured wife prepared to administer a terrible rebuke to her faithless spouse. Tearing herself from his foul embrace, she struck a match, and stood face to face with the hired man. Her husband says his wife has never treated him as well since the first month they were married as she has for the past few days.

#### In the Twilight.

The Detroit postmaster knew that something would happen if he had to run his office by tallow candle power, and something has. In the dim light afforded by a candle one of the distributors put a letter intended for Mrs. Somebody into Mr. Somebody's box. The husband opened it, found the photograph of a young man with his hair parted in the middle, and a letter

from his son, who is also a

CERTAIN person, who is also a school teacher, handed a problem to his class in mathematics the other day. The first boy took it, looked at it awhile, and said, "I pass." Second boy took it and said, "I turn down." The third boy stared at it awhile, and said, "I can't make it." Very good, boys, said the person, "we will proceed to cut for a new deal." And the switch danced like lightning over the shoulders of those depraved young mathematicians.

#### LINIMENT FOR HOUSES.

R. S. Steele writes to the American Farmers' Club: Sometime ago I was a good deal worried with a couple of horse which had sore backs. I tried various remedies without success, and was beginning to despair when the following recipe came to my notice: "The inner bark of white oak bark boiled down in an iron kettle (never use a brass one) until it is as black as ink; then boil droppings in a piece of alum about the size of a hen's egg." This liniment is to be applied with a sponge, and is good for any sore or bruise: in fact, it is a safe thing to keep in one's ready to use when occasion requires. As I found this so useful, I venture to send it for the benefit of others who may not be in the possession of any thing so good. I think it is also an excellent plan in warm weather to clean the colts with castile soap.

**EVER DEAREST ANGEL**—Please find my photo, in exchange for yours. Is the old hunk going to Chicago this week, as he intended?

The "old hunk" went out of the office in three jumps, and he beat the street-car three blocks in getting home. There may be a divorce, a scandal and some shooting, and all because a tallow candle began to blink and wink and sputter just at a critical moment.

#### Carrying Horses by Machinery.

A new invention is being tested here for horses-cleaning by machinery. A revolving brush of bristles is worked on the same principle as those used in the great hair-dressers' establishments, with the exception that the rotary motion can be reversed by means of a spherical handle. The saving in time is enormous as compared with grooming by hand, and the machine, is said to do the work much more thoroughly than the man. The first trial of the machine took place at the Agricultural Hall, the other day, and the results were entirely satisfactory.—[London Sun.

#### PROPRIETORS.

A GENTLEMAN out of the kindness of his heart asked a dozen small boys to take a walk in the field one pleasant day. But when he was ready to return home they all began to get weary, and he took the smallest boy on his back. Then they all cried to be carried in the same way. He then resorted to an ingenious experiment. "I'll get horses for us all," and jumping into a hedge, he cut small wands for ponies for the little fellows, and a great stake as a charger for himself which put mettle into their little legs, and they all rode cheerfully home.

**HUMOROUS.**  
Why is a store that don't advertise like Enoch Arden? Because it "sees no sale from day to day."

"THE rich," said a Dutchman, "eat venison because it is deer. I eat mutton because it is sheep."

"WHAT'S going on?" said a well known bore to Douglas Jerrold. "I am," was the reply, and on he went.

THE revival feeling is spreading but it hasn't yet got down deep to affect arrangements on the coast newspaper books.—[Danbury News.

UNLIKE Charles O'Connor, Mr. Shaw followed his doctor's directions implicitly. Hence he went hence. His wings flung his pills away will live to die another day.—[Graphic.

THERE is a woman in Jersey, so nominal, that the other night, when her husband was abed, she turned and made over his last pair of pantaloons for one of the children.

MATRONY," said a modern Benedict, the other day, "produces remarkable revolutions. Here am I, for instance, in ten short months changed from a soughing lover to a loving sire."

**Hints for Everybody.**  
Way to get credit is to be punctual; the way to preserve it is not to use it much.

Settle often; have short accounts. Trust no man's appearance; appearance is deceitful, perhaps assumed for the purpose of obtaining credit.

Beware of gaudy exterior; rough usually dress well. The rich are plain; the poor are gaudy.

Never trust him who flies into a passion on being dunned, but make him pay quickly, if there is any virtue that led that egg had the dyspepsia or heartburn."

WHEN you meet a man who is profoundly fond of argument, you will meet one profoundly ignorant of the operation of the human heart.

MIND your own affairs; let all the errors you see in others' management suggest correction in your own.

**Sole of Kentucky Trotters.**

Col. Connally's sole of green Kentucky trotters, was well attended. The horses were disposed of by Maj. Chas. W. Barker, and brought good prices. Welburn, bay gelding, foaled 1869, by Lewis' Melbourne by imp. Knight of St. George, realized \$250; Protection, gray gelding, foaled 1870, by Vanmetre's Blood Chief, son of Vernon Black Hawk, was sold for \$575; Bluff, a sorrel gelding, foaled 1868, by Abdallah, created some spirited bidding, and was finally sold for \$750; Quixote, foaled 1869, by General Tender, was knocked down for \$350. A well matched brown mare and gelding, foaled 1868, by Senator, he by Ashland Chief, and the other by Ericsson, brought \$580, and Vindicator, bay gelding, by Joe Hooker, he by Mambrino Chief, was knocked down for \$440. A number of others were sold at prices averaging between \$120 and \$265.—[New York Herald.]

#### CERTAIN.

WHERE'S the bar?" asked a dirty and rather boozey-looking stranger of the bell-boy of a hotel the other day. "What kind of bar?" asked the latter. "A saloon bar of course; what do you suppose I mean?" "Well," drawled the boy, "I didn't know but you might mean a bar of soap."

THE KING of Burnham is to have a journal. He will be the propounder, and in the prospectus he says that all his subjects who do not subscribe will be instantly killed. Uninducements are even more powerful than a gift chromo.

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**FIRST-CLASS in all its Appointments.**

**Fare \$3 to \$3.50 according to location of rooms.**

**SPECIAL RATES TO MERCHANTS.**

**MILLINERY.**

**NEW SPRING MILLINERY.**

**MRS. M. E. DAVIES,**

**NEAR DEPOT, STANFORD, KY.**

**Having just returned from the city, is now receiving an**

**ELEGANT STOCK**

**OF—**

**Spring & Summer Millinery**

**AND—**

**FANCY GOODS,**

**of the latest styles.**

**Selected by Herself with unusual care.**

**GRATEFUL for past liberal favors she respectfully asks her friends and the public to call and examine her goods before buying.**

**J. E. PORTMAN.**

**J. B. OWENS.**

**N.**

**THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY!**

**Is equinously a Family Medicine; and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctor's fees.**

**After forty Years trial it is still receiving the most unabated testimonials to its virtues from persons of the highest character and reputation. Excellent physicians commend it as the most**

**EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC**

**For all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Spleen.**

**The SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides, Stomach, &c. Applied to the Liver, a strong, active and lax; Headache; Loss of Memory, with painful sensations; and something like a toothache; a thick yellow appearance of the Skin and Eyes; a dry cough; other maladies for Consumption.**

Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, others very few; but the Liver, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease.

For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Depression of spirits, &c. &c. &c.

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